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St. Peters Bote,
the oldest Catholic newspaper in Saskatchewan, is published every Wednesday at Muenster, Sask. It is an excellent advertising medium.

SUBSCRIPTION:
\$2.00 per year, payable in advance.
Single numbers 5 cents.

ADVERTISING RATES:
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Address all communications to
ST. PETERS BOTE,
Muenster, Sask., Canada.

St. Peters Bote.

Ein Familienblatt zur Erbauung und Belehrung.

The oldest Catholic newspaper of Saskatchewan, recommended by Rt. Rev. Bishop Pascal of Prince Albert and + Most Rev. Archbishop Langevin of St. Boniface, and published by the Benedictine Fathers of St. Peter's Abbey at Muenster, Saskatchewan, Canada.

VOLUME 15 No. 43 MUESTER, SASK., WEDNESDAY DECEMBER 11, 1918. WHOLE No. 771

St. Peters Bote
is published every Wednesday.

Contributions, Advertisements or changes in advertisements should reach us not later than the preceding Saturday in order to be inserted in the next following issue.

Notices of change of address should contain not only the new address, but also the old one.

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Address all communications:
ST. PETERS BOTE,
Muenster, Sask., Canada.

**In The Wake
Of The War**

HOBOKEN, Dec. 1.—The U.S. transport Orizaba sailed for Brest today with nearly 500 newspaper correspondents on their way to "cover" the coming peace conferences at Versailles. The party included newspaper women, motion picture men and newspaper figure heads.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 2.—Gen. Pershing formally reported today the crossing of the American army of occupation into Germany.

PARIS, Dec. 2.—It is reported that an agreement has been reached by the Allied governments for the issue daily during the peace congress of an official communication regarding the deliberations.

LONDON, Dec. 3.—Downing Street where the representatives of the Allies began discussions yesterday in connection with the approaching peace conference, again assumed a busy aspect today. Early today there was a meeting of the war cabinet with representatives of the Dominions in attendance. Then the conferences were joined by Premier Clemenceau and the Italian Premier Orlando.

STOCKHOLM, Dec. 3. The frustration of a Bolshevik attempt to land at St. Joerkoe, east of Viborg, Finland, is reported from Helsingfors. The Bolsheviks were met with artillery fire and forced to retire.

NEW YORK, Dec. 3.—On the transport George Washington, one time German passenger liner, manned by a navy crew and with deck-guns ready for action, and accompanied by a naval convoy, the president left New York harbor today. It is expected that he will land at Brest on Dec. 11.

PARIS, Dec. 4.—The Germans have begun restitutions. They have delivered to the Allies 300,000,000 francs gold which came from the Russian treasury.

ROME, Dec. 4.—The encyclical letter addressed by Pope Benedict to the Catholic Episcopate throughout the world exhorting it to offer public prayer for the guidance by providence of the approaching peace conference, is dated Dec. 1.

LONDON, Dec. 5.—The world's total losses of merchant tonnage from the beginning of the war to the end of October, 1918, by enemy action was 15,053,786 gross tons, according to official announcement issued tonight: During the same period, vessels totaling 10,849,527 tons were constructed and enemy tonnage totaling 2,392,675 was captured, making a net loss of tonnage during the war of 1,811,584.

COPENHAGEN, Dec. 5.—The Berlin government has ordered a search among the private documents of the former emperor for matter relating to the outbreak of the war.

AMSTERDAM, Dec. 6.—The Duesseldorf Nachrichten say Gen. Nudant, president of the French armistice commission at Spa, has presented a note to the German commission demanding for the

month for the British army of occupation 40,000,000 marks and for the French 54,000,000 marks.

LONDON, Dec. 5.—David Lloyd George, the British Premier, tonight in the election campaign, gave a statement of his policy. In it he declares that the men responsible for the war cannot escape because their heads were crowned, but that they must be tried by an international court. Mr. Lloyd George also declared himself in favor of the expulsion and exclusion of all enemy aliens.

PARIS, Dec. 6.—Crown Prince Friedrich Wilhelm has renounced his right to the German throne.

AMSTERDAM, Dec. 6.—American troops on Wednesday entered Mainz, on the left bank of the Rhine, according to the Wolff bureau. Two Belgian detachments, 300 strong, today entered Duesseldorf, on the Rhine, 21 miles northwest of Cologne.

MUNICH, Dec. 6.—General election to the Bavarian landtag will be held Sunday, January 12, according to the government announcement today. All Bavarians over the age of 20 years, male and female, may vote. All men and women more than 25 years old are eligible for election.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 6.—The American navy will number a total of 1,291 vessels, including 40 battleships and 329 destroyers, on July 1, 1920, according to the statement prepared by Rear-Admiral Griffin, and made public today. This statement shows that when war was declared, there were 364 ships in the navy.

AMSTERDAM, Dec. 7.—British soldiers entered Cologne at 4 o'clock Friday afternoon.

MUNICH, Dec. 7.—A crowd of armed soldiers last night went to the residence of the minister of the interior and after forcing an entrance demanded the minister's resignation at the point of a revolver, which he conceded.

LONDON, Dec. 8.—The surrender of the 2,000 German airplanes required under the terms of the armistice convention has been proceeding during the past week.

MUNICH, Dec. 8.—The casualties in the fighting at Berlin Friday amounted to 180, according to the latest Berlin advices. The radical socialist group are reported to be defending with machine guns three sections of the suburbs of Berlin.

OTTAWA, Dec. 8.—The minister of finance has forwarded to Sir Robert Borden full particulars as to the war expenditure of Canada and as to the annual pension burden which will result from the war. The total expenditure of Canada is estimated at \$1,068,000,000 to November 30th. To March 31st next it is estimated at \$1,290,000,000.

THAT CONTROVERSY.

The journalistic hydra of Saskatoon and Regina, which seems anxious to cover, by continued vile attacks on "foreigners", the fact that its proprietor is himself a German-speaking immigrant, is furious at the rebuke it got for its pains in attacking us. Its retort in its issue of Dec. 5th is worthy of a compatriot and disciple of Trotzky and Lenin, but it certainly is a disgrace to the reading public of this fair province of ours that such a tissue of calumny, veiled threats and incitement to violence can be foisted upon its gullibility without protest. We can not, and will not, lower ourselves to the level of editorial indecency which this journalistic Hydra has adopted. Our best answer consists in simply reprinting below, in full, the entire controversy to date, and letting the intelligent and fair minded reader draw his own conclusions.

FOREIGN ELEMENT AND THE SCHOOLS.

It may be assumed with some degree of confidence that seachange has come over the spirit of the dream of many of our more aggressive foreign-speaking communities. Yet it would be premature to say that the disastrous outcome of Germany's bid for world-power will have an entirely subduing effect upon those who would seek to impart their nationalistic aspirations to new countries of their adoption. A year ago the war on the language question in the public schools of this province was fought with an intensity which clearly was indicative of the fact that behind and beneath the specious demand for bilingualism in the public schools there was nurtured the Teutonic lust for dominance in the institutions of the country. Arrogance of this nature was being publicly flaunted abroad. If laws were obeyed it was strictly in the letter and not in the spirit. Defiance even was offered to the economic necessities through which Canada was passing, and exaction sought at the highest rate of the labor market. Anywhere the foreign element could get away with it—in the lonely lumber camp or construction gang—there was manifest this same truculent spirit towards the Anglo-Saxon.

But with the transformation wrought by the spectacle of a defeated, disgraced and humiliated Germany, it must not be imagined that an end has been made of propaganda on the language question. True, it takes the mild form of plausible and elementary looking argument of which the German Catholic newspaper, St. Peter's Bote, has lately been giving weekly sample. In this weekly catechism on "The Rights of our little ones" some strange doctrine is enunciated. It affirms, for instance: "Education is a parental right to the exclusion of all interference on the part of civil authority." "Parents have the indispensable duty to educate their offspring, and that according to their conscience; therefore, as every duty supposes a corresponding right they must have also the right of educating their children independently of all merely human authority." "Schools may make their own rules and regulations, but these must be in keeping with the reasonable wishes of parents, else the latter cannot and unless unjustly compelled will not patronize them." There is much more of this amusing and amazing argument, which culminates in affirmations like the following: "Parents are altogether free, despite all legislation to the contrary not only to choose teacher and school for their children, but also, if it seems good to them, to educate their own offspring themselves, either personally or with the aid of others." "The state cannot justly enforce compulsory education, even in the case of utter illiteracy as long as the essential physical and moral education is sufficiently provided."—Such doctrine reads the purest heterodoxy coming from a race which has almost defied State control and kultur in all departments of life. Its obvious intent is to instil the idea that even in this most democratic country there is "tyranny" and the unscrupulous use of majority rule. In the ideal republic which the visionary may sketch for himself the "right of our little ones" so naively expressed might find place, but in this hard matter-of-fact world of ours they are purely subservient of all good government, and as we have expressed it are merely printed in this German newspaper with provocative intent.

—SASKATOON DAILY STAR, Nov. 23th, 1918.

THE "STAR" AT ITS OLD TRICKS.

About a year ago, the orangemen and their allies raised a "Stop Thief" cry that an "alien enemy conspiracy" was discovered which aimed at nothing less than the conquest of the schools of this country by foisting upon us compulsory instruction in German and other foreign languages. They succeeded in duping many well-meaning but simpleminded people to such an extent, that the convention of the school trustees in Saskatoon resembled rather a Bolshevik congress than a convention of Canadian men assembled in the interest of better education. Those who were present at the convention will remember that a hero in uniform, who had recently returned from the battlefield in France, and a venerable veteran of the Boer War with a good Irish-Canadian name were howled down and nearly mobbed because they endeavored to say a word in behalf of reason and British fair play.

The Saskatoon "Star" and its Regina offshoot, the "Post," did their full share in bringing about this disgraceful result by their rav-

TRAVESTY AND INSULT.

St. Peter's Bote, the German Catholic newspaper published in this province, attacks The Star for venturing to quote samples of the doctrine of "The State and Education" which it is serving up to its readers in catechetical form weekly under the caption "The Rights of Our Little Ones," and for The Star's comment thereupon. This newspaper, which till lately was printed fully in the German language, is not the innocent ecclesiastical organ which it would have the public imagine, but is as virulent and abusive of the vast majority of the people of this province as it possibly can be with safety to itself. Whatever may be thought of the method of representation or the conduct of the memorable School Trustees' Convention held in this city in January last, it was at any rate unmistakable demonstration of the will of the people that English and English only shall be the language of instruction in the schools of Saskatchewan.

Whether it be for purely religious sectarian ends or deeper political nationalistic ends, this propaganda directed among the more rabid foreign communities in our midst is distinctly subversive of the best interests of the State. The Star will continue "its old tricks" of exposing this harmful propaganda under whatever guise it may appear. It is mere subterfuge to call this a bilingual question in the educational sense, and an evasion of the issue which is fundamental to the good government of Canada and the assimilation of its peoples in one commonwealth.

This German Catholic newspaper, while printing its innocent looking idealism upon the relations of the State and the Church and parents to education, has not hesitated in its same issues to call those who will uphold the principles of democracy to the bitter death, "raving spouters," "windjammers," "Bolsheviks." St. Peter's Bote is taking a risk.

Canada or Saskatchewan is as good a Utopia as any German Catholic need hope for or deserve. Instead of thwarting the institutions of the country, those Catholic clergy might be guided by the good sense of their English-speaking brethren who find under existing laws the amplest freedom for the profession and practice of their faith, and who in the church and in the home realise their best method of reaching and retaining the young of their communion. To liken the educational principles and policy of this province to State absolutism as St. Peter's Bote does, is sheer travesty and untruth.

—SASKATOON DAILY STAR, Dec. 5th, 1918.

THE "STAR" AT ITS OLD TRICKS.

About a year ago, the orangemen and their allies raised a "Stop Thief" cry that an "alien enemy conspiracy" was discovered which aimed at nothing less than the conquest of the schools of this country by foisting upon us compulsory instruction in German and other foreign languages. They succeeded in duping many well-meaning but simpleminded people to such an extent, that the convention of the school trustees in Saskatoon resembled rather a Bolshevik congress than a convention of Canadian men assembled in the interest of better education. Those who were present at the convention will remember that a hero in uniform, who had recently returned from the battlefield in France, and a venerable veteran of the Boer War with a good Irish-Canadian name were howled down and nearly mobbed because they endeavored to say a word in behalf of reason and British fair play.

The Saskatoon "Star" and its Regina offshoot, the "Post," did their full share in bringing about this disgraceful result by their rav-

THE LITTLE OLD SECRETARY

CHAPTER I

"The fireside blaze in those childish days, It was all the world to me, And whatever befell it seemed to go well, When I sat by mother's knee."

"I have found quite a new-laid egg for your breakfast to-day, dear father," said Kathleen McDermot, as she brought a little breakfast tray, one soft spring morning, to her father's bedside. "The gray hen cackled most obligingly while I was hunting for these violets, and found it amongst the straw with which I had covered the roots. It is so soft and warm out of doors, I am sure you will be able to get out when the sun is at its height; so please do eat up every bit of your breakfast, that you may be very strong."

A great deal of loving thought had evidently gone to the arrangement of the little meal Kathleen was so coaxingly setting before the invalid. The small, crisp slices of toast were so delicately brown, the cloth so white, the pat of freshest butter so prettily surrounded with leaves, and on the delicate, white china plate lay a bunch of violets, hepaticas and snowdrops, and a little scroll on which was printed:

"Winter is over and past, Gone is the killing blast, And the balmy breath of spring Shall health to my father bring."

The sick man set up in bed and welcomed his bright-haired little daughter with a smile.

"How nice it all looks!" he exclaimed. Then, as his eyes fell on Kathleen's greeting, his cheek flushed, and handing the scroll to his wife, who was sitting by him with an open letter in her hand, he continued: "How strange she should have brought me this to-day, wife! Is it a prophecy of a second Spring?" Kathleen, delighted at having hit upon something to give her father pleasure, looked up in her mother's face, expecting to see there the reflection of her own content. But instead she met with a look of anxiety, and the eager question which had sprung to her lips, "Has anything good happened to us to-day?" was checked and left unspoken. Turning again to her father she put the toast into his thin, wasted fingers.

"I have got the old wheel-chair out of the shed," she said, smiling, "it is airing by the kitchen fire, and it is going to have new cushions in honor of your first drive. It will quite revive you to go out in the warm sunshine for half-an-hour. Don't you think so, mother?"

"I do, indeed," said Mrs. McDermot, cheerfully, "but your father must not speak a word till he has finished his breakfast. Read this letter, dear child; your father and I would like to hear what you think about the plan proposed in it."

Kathleen settled herself on the floor at her mother's feet, and read the following letter:

"MY DEAR SISTER—I have heard with great regret from Philip of your husband's severe illness, and sincerely trust he is now recovering. It seems a hard-hearted proposal to ask you under such circumstances to part with your little Kathleen even for a few weeks, but I hope the motive of my invitation will be its excuse. Do you remember in the old days, when we were together at home, our cousin, Mary Fitzgerald, being married in London at the end of a fortnight's acquaintance to the Commander-in-Chief of the Indian Army, General Lord Melton? Don't you recollect how we romanced about the great Indian magnate whom we none of us ever saw; and how sad we all felt, when, after four years spent in almost princely splendor, we heard she was dead, and the impression which got hold of us that

she had not found her brilliant position a happy one?

"Well, a few days ago, to my great surprise, I received a letter from Lord Melton, saying he was in England for a very short visit, and that he particularly wanted to make the acquaintance of his wife's relations, especially the younger members of the family, and that as he could not possibly go to Ireland, he should feel himself extremely indebted to me to allow him to spend a few days with us *en famille*. That if I found it possible to invite a little family gathering of cousins, so as to enable him to make friends with those towards whom he could not feel a stranger, it would be conferring a favor on him he should remember gratefully for his life."

"I was amazed at the letter and still more at its tone, for he has the reputation of being a proud, stern man, and we have believed he had prevented Mary from having any intercourse with her own people. However, I wrote to say he would be very welcome, and that I would invite as many members as I could to meet him."

"We have long wanted to see Kathleen over here, and this is such a special occasion that, if you can possibly spare her, I hope you will let her come. It may be an advantageous thing for our children to be personally known to the great man. I have no faith in reports, but it has been said, I do not know on what grounds, that he wants to find an heiress for the little Irish estate his wife brought as her dowry."

"I wish with all my heart you could bring your little maiden yourself, but this is out of the question. The sooner she comes the better, as my girls want to make her quite at home before our distinguished guest arrives."

"Please accept the enclosed cheque as a little brotherly remembrance after such a long silence."

Your affectionate brother

PAUL FITZGERALD.

"P. S.—Best wishes to McDermot. When he is convalescent if he feels inclined to try our Devonshire air, we shall all be delighted to see him."

"I could not possibly go anywhere till you are well, dearest father," said Kathleen, decidedly, after reading her uncle's letter all through.

"Ah! I am getting better," said the invalid, hurriedly. "I feel quite different to-day. I should like you to get acquainted with your uncle and your cousins. It will do you good to have a little change, and to be with companions of your own age. You have been shut up here with your own sick father too long."

"I couldn't leave mother alone to—" began Kathleen, but she stopped short. She and her mother had carefully kept from the sick man any knowledge of the laborious duties which had fallen upon them in the ruined state of their fortunes.

"I thought you liked to have me about you always, much more since you were ill," she continued, after a little pause, the quick tears rising at the idea that her father was so ready to part with her.

"You have been the one sunbeam of my winter, my darling, and I believe you will be the harbinger of coming spring," said her father, fondly. But he was too weak to bear the agitation of contending feelings, and a violent fit of coughing checked his utterance. "You talk to her, Margaret," he whispered softly, when after a few moments he had somewhat recovered himself, "and tell her why it is best she should go."

"Yes, we will talk it all over and decide about the possibility of the plan," said his wife calmly and firmly. "You must rest now and at mid-day, after you have taken

your beef tea, perhaps you will be strong enough to gratify Kathleen by going out in the chair. Come, my child, let us leave your father to rest," and, taking Kathleen's hand, she led her down the wide, uncarpeted staircase, through a large, dismantled drawing-room, to a small morning-room, where a very sparing breakfast was prepared for them.

"I do not know whether to be glad or sorry," said Mrs. McDermot, as soon as she was alone with her daughter, "a word in your uncle's letter has aroused hope in your father's heart. I feel certain it is a false hope, raised only to be disappointed; yet, as the doctor said the other day, the only chance of his getting better is relief from the anxiety that is crushing him."

"You mean about Lord Milton?" asked Kathleen.

"Yes; just that passing hint about the estate has taken a strong hold of your father's mind. A drowning man will catch a straw, and there is a blow hanging over us, my child, which your father dreads more than death. What should you say if this home which you love so much had to be sold and pass into the hands of strangers?"

"The Hill of Dermot sold!" exclaimed Kathleen. "Strangers come and live here! Oh, mother! surely, mother, this is too bad really to happen!" and the girl, laying her head on the table, burst out into a passion of tears which she was quite unable to master.

Mrs. McDermot, intimately as she knew her child's heart, was not quite prepared for her feeling so intensely the news she had to break. Though scarcely sixteen, Kathleen had been her mother's companion and support through the two years of anxiety which had passed, since one calamity after another had impoverished the estate. She was of a very practical turn of mind, full of resources in difficulties, and so perfectly happy in her love for her parents, that troubles seemed to sit very lightly on her innocent and joyous heart. But a very strong attachment to the home of her ancestors had grown up with her from babyhood. The Hill of Dermot was like a sacred place to her, connected with all the traditions of the noble and glorious deeds with which her ardent imagination was filled. The idea of anything ever separating her from that long past of her family had never crossed her mind, and the first knowledge of this sorrow was overwhelming. But the sound of her mother's calm, patient tone recalled her to herself.

"It is not certain yet, mother, is it? Something might happen to prevent it?"

The mother shook her head.

"It could be prevented if we could find means in any other way to pay our debts. But our creditors have waited long and patiently, and they will not wait longer; nor ought we to ask them. We must not sacrifice justice to feeling, nor let the House of Dermot lose its long inheritance of truth and honor in order to keep its lands. We promised a year ago, if certain debts were not paid, that the estate should be sold and all claims fairly met. You would not have your father break a written engagement, even if they would not force him to keep it, would you?"

"No," said Kathleen, unhesitatingly; "better part from all than that. But this visit to England, mother. Have you any hope it might bring help?"

"I think it would do good that you should be known and loved in your uncle's family. There is, of course, a remote possibility of Lord Melton's doing something for us, if he got interested in your father through you; and there is chance of the medicine of hope doing him good for the time, even should it end in disappointment. As to Lord Melton's intend-

ing to give away his wife's estate, I feel certain it is more gossip. Somebody has accounted for his wish to meet his wife's family by making a guess, and the story has been repeated as a fact. Do you built on that, my Kathleen?"

Kathleen looked full of thought. "On the whole, mother, would you like me to go or stay?" she asked, after a moment's silence.

"On the whole, I think you had better go. Your father has set his heart upon it, and it may be a door of hope."

"Then," said Kathleen cheerfully, "I will get my business done this morning, and in the afternoon we can settle how and when I am to go."

CHAPTER II

"There are some who ever purely live, Rise like the sun in all its golden strength, And spend their days, like him, in nothing else Than shedding light and heat and killing down The noxious vapors of the unwholesome world." Anon.

After the first burst of grief with which Kathleen had received the news of the trial that awaited her, she seemed able, with perfect composure, to talk the matter over with her mother, and her face was as serene and joyous as ever, as she went about the house setting all in order for the time of her absence. She evidently looked forward with pleasure to her visit to England, and was much less shy at the thought of going amongst strangers than her parents had expected.

Kathleen was almost worshipped amongst the peasants, who were mostly her father's tenantry, and when it became known she was going on a visit to England, offers of assistance poured in on every side. She understood how to accept it all, so as to gratify the hearts of the poor who loved her, by letting them feel useful. The little army of shoeless urchins who could be trusted with nothing else where set to collect peat and logs for old Sarah's kitchen fire, which would last for a month. One neighbor was to take care of the hens, and to see that the new-laid eggs were sent up for the sick man's breakfast; and another was made happy by being entrusted with the office of drawing "his honor" round the garden in the wheelchair.

When the news reached the only tenant that was well-off in the world's goods; he came up to the hall with his daughter Rose, who had long been Kathleen's devoted helper in all her undertakings, and said that "neither he nor Ross could be happy to let Miss Kathleen, a descendant of their old kings, go to England without a maid; that he wanted his daughter to see something of the world, and if she might go with Miss McDermot, and have the honor of waiting upon her when she was away from the old country, in the great house of the foreigner, he would be just the proudest man in the village. He had brought his daughter's travelling money with him, and if his honor would allow him, he would take the young lady and her maid to Dublin, and see them on board the packet."

This unexpected offer brought tears to Mrs. McDermot's eyes: it was made with such a hearty goodwill, that she felt accepting it she was really making the warm-hearted Michael O'Sullivan the proudest and happiest man in Glenmore. But she tried to make Rose clearly understand that a servant's hall in a large English house might have many annoyances, from which it would be impossible for Kathleen to shield her.

To be continued.

While the passion of some is to shine, of some to govern and of others to accumulate, let one great passion alone influence our breasts, the passion which reason ratifies, which conscience approves, which heaven inspires—that of being and doing good.

Hunters! Trappers!

On Nov. 1st the FUR SEASON opened again and everything points to a very profitable season for the trappers. All reports are that the Fur Markets are well cleaned up and there is a big demand for furs.

So it's up to you, Boys, to make a little Extra Money.

GET OUT AND HUSTLE, the bigger the bunch, so much more money you get!

To all those trappers and hunters, who have been selling their furs to me for the past three seasons, I don't need to say where to bring their furs, because they know that I try to treat everybody right, and give them all the fur is worth.

To trappers, who have never sold to me, I will say, that if you ask any of my old customers, they will tell you that PITZEL at Humboldt gives you more money for your furs, on the average, than you can get if you ship your furs to those big houses across the line.

If you will have some furs in a week or two and can't bring them, send them by express or parcel post. I will pay the charges.

Give me a trial, and I am sure you will be satisfied. No shipment too big and none too small. Write for tags and prices.

Herman B. Pitzel, Humboldt Fur Dealer
Headquarters in old Shoe Repair shop, in back of Merchants Bank.

Christmas is Approaching!
Call on us and see Our Assortment of Toys and Christmas Goods.
Gramophones with all different kinds of Records, to supply you with suitable music and pleasantries.
Marlatt's Gall Stone Medicine Ad-ler-i-ka and other Medicines, Herbs and Chemicals always in Stock.
Write to us in English or German. Mail Orders promptly executed.
W. J. Hargarten :: Bruno, Sask.

Fullness of Tone! Adaptability! Beauty!
Let us explain, why these three outstanding qualities produce new and increased pleasure when you listen to the
MELOTONE
With the Melotone, the music of any Record is expressed most harmoniously. Delicate upper tones which formerly were lost, are now made audible by the sounding chamber, which is constructed of wood on the principle of the violin. The Melotone is able to play all kinds of Records BETTER than other Phonographs. The Melotone Factory in Winnipeg is the only one in Western Canada. This Instrument is fast taking the lead over all other phonographs and, as to construction, durability, and low price, it is now excelled by none. It offers the largest selection of Records in Western Canada, at from 20 cts. upward. All instruments are guaranteed, and you get your money back if not everything is as represented.
M. J. MEYERS Jeweller and Optician HUMBOLDT

Land and Farms!
I have a number of Farms and Wild Lands for sale at low prices. Some will be sold on Crop Payment.
For further particulars apply in person or by letter to
Henry Bruning, MUENSTER, SASK.

You are safe in a threefold way, if you bring your prescription to us: 1) We use for the prescription exactly what the doctor prescribed, every article being of standard strength, fresh and pure; 2) We examine and reexamine the prescription, whereby every error as to drug or quantity is excluded; 3) We are satisfied with a reasonable profit and charge the lowest prices for the best quality. These are three reasons why you should buy from us.
G. R. WATSON, HUMBOLDT, SASK.
DRUGGIST The Recall Store STATIONER

The Miracle of the Roses

By Mary J. Malloy.

Spring ran laughing down the side of the Thuringian hills and pressed her signet of emerald on every tree of the forest as she passed. The young saplings looked up and put out delicate tongues of golden green despitefully at the giants that towered above them, as if to say, "Wait awhile, you old folk up there—we shall reach you some day, and then we shall see!" And the old trees looked down on them and rustled, as if in answer, "Yes, yes, you young ones—we shall see. Many have we seen in our time, saplings and men, and many shall we yet see; so goes the world."

Up on the heights stood the Landgrave's castle of Marburg, strong and stately. A little stream ran all along the valley below, splashing happily over its stones with delight that the long cruel winter was over at last; and every here and there a tender wild flower slipped up suddenly alongside, or hung over its banks, or rose from slender root right out of its waters, where a hidden stone held fostering soil. Yes, the long cruel winter was over, but not what it had brought—hunger and suffering; for famine had been upon the land and touched, alas, too nearly at many a door.

Up there in the castle, perhaps, they knew no want; but down here in the valley the vassals of the Landgrave had hungered sorely, and shrank, with but scanty covering, from the biting winds. Then, too, Louis, the young Landgrave, was away, in sunny Italy with the army of the Emperor, and his mother, the Duchess Sophia, was indeed charitable, as became a great lady. But, "Ah, that the dear Elizabeth was now our duchess—that we had not to wait our lord's return to see her bride and lady of the land!" they said, the one to the other.

The dear Elizabeth! It was to her, young as she was, that each heart turned in confident hope; while she, passionate friend of all that sorrowed and suffered, could do so little of that which her heart urged, and had to listen unreplying to the councilors of the duchy when they said to her it was not for them to strip the treasury of their lord with reckless hand, even for charity's sake. With all her sweet soul she, too, longed for the return of him whom she had ever found kind and good, whose hand was ever open, and in whose heart dwelt the same blessed spirit as in her own. Sadly she felt the discontent of her that ran rife in the bosoms of those about her in the castle.

"She is not worthy of alliance with our noble Prince Louis," they said. "She loves better to be among the poor and lowly of the land than with us of the court. Moreover, he cares not for her. Let her return to Hungary, her own land, and mate with a noble, as befits her station, but with no prince."

But Elizabeth smiled when her sister-to-be, who loved her not, the lady Agnes, told her of this; for she knew that Louis loved her indeed and would have none other for his lady. So out from the castle gates came she each day, laden with all that one allowed her for her poor, and stripped of every jewel or piece of rich gear that she might turn into gold to render their suffering less.

Down in the valley, as the rays of the sun began to lengthen came the dear Elizabeth. A very part of spring she looked, as with hurrying steps she crossed the ground that seemed almost to break into bloom beneath her slender foot. Her soft rich hair, braided into two long golden plaits hung down over her shoulder, banded with earliest wild flowers instead of the pearls of her rank, long since turned into bread for her poor. Her robe was of a pale green, as bright and delicate as that of the verdure about, and over it hung a light mantle of the same hue, brodered with gold. She held it carefully gathered up before her, bearing a precious burden with its folds for some who, even now that the famine had gone, had not the good things tucked away wherewith to feed hungry mouths.

Her large eyes were of a clear dark gray that melted and softened as one saw them, so that each glance was a new beauty. As

she came rapidly on, it seemed Spring herself was treading the earth to see that every living thing had its separate joy, and that none should miss of it.

Yet within her own heart there was but little joy save that of charity. The two duchesses, Sophia and Agnes, mother and sister of her Louis, loved her not, she knew; and hers was a heart that craved affection as its daily bread. Their courtiers, quick to take the cue, treated with despite the lovely girl who might not, after all, become their Landgravine. Louis was far; her favor was of no present moment to them. Elizabeth could not even turn to her own for comfort. A motherless child of four, she had been sent away to the court of Thuringia that she might be brought up and molded as becomed the bride of the young Prince Louis. His father, the kindly old Landgrave Herman—her soft eyes glistened with a tear at the thought of him—had ever been gentle and loving to her; but he had been long gone, and Louis had been long gone—a whole year, far, far away in Italy. But oh, how happy the thought! he was looked for home now every day; any hour, in fact, might bring him; and then there was one friend for her! What might, what would they not do together for their people in many years to come!

"Oh, for my dear lord!" she cried aloud involuntarily.

"And why do you wish him?" said a merry voice close by.

Startled beyond words, she turned and paused, believing it an illusion, a dream.

At the entrance of a little side path she had just crossed, leading down the hill from a private postern of the castle, stood Louis himself, smiling as only Louis ever smiled upon her, holding out both hands—joy in his countenance and something of wonder besides at the added beauty his eyes had missed so many months.

Elizabeth's answer was a half-stifled cry. She was about to fling out answering hands of welcome to him when a sudden thought came to his mind, through all her thankfulness and delight. She shrank back a little, and held her mantle to her more closely with both fair hands, unwilling, in her generous modesty, that he should surprise her in her good deed.

"Why, my sister Elizabeth, have you no word for me?" queried Louis, surprised and wondering. "See, I have just returned—I sent no word before me that your pleasure might be all the greater—and is it thus you greet me?"

Then as he saw the sweet color come and go on her cheek—"You wished for me, Elizabeth. Here am I, to do my lady's bidding."

He approached her with a roguish smile; still she shrank, foolishly timid of discovery grasping her mantle even closer, heavy as it was now grown.

"What hold you there?" he asked her suddenly, seeing struggle in her mind. "Come, give me your burden then, it may be, you will speak again."

He held out his hand, laughing to see how startled she was.

"No, no, my lord," she cried. "Ah, I could not speak at first to you, because my heart had flown to God for joy of seeing you! But now—oh, welcome, welcome, indeed, and leave me no more in this world. My Louis, stay with me until, if so it please Him, we leave it together!"

standing culprit-like, discovered of her good deed, before him.

His clear joyous laugh echoed up the valley.

"So!—this is the rival that stands in my way! But now I claim my rights. Give me all of your thought, my Elizabeth, and I will ease you of all your burden. But, is there not more within? No golden crown, no jeweled rod of justice, or some such bauble? You see, I have heard how the Landgravine Elizabeth would become the robber of her lord and leave him bankrupt of his kingdom!"

Elizabeth smiled and blushed and laughed with him.

"See now, my little sister Elizabeth, I will be no King Assuerus to my Ester, not half, but the whole of my kingdom shall be yours, for so I know the blessing of God will be upon it. Now for the bread—I will carry it for you and take its burden as, please God, henceforth will I carry for you all your burdens of life." Gently he drew the mantle apart.

Surpassing sweetness smote the air about them. From out the folds fell, not bread indeed, but roses—roses of every size grew within its breast—great hearts of gold and crimson and pink and white and saffron—great clusters of luscious perfume—magnificences of color and form and odor, that showered and fell all about her, until Elizabeth stood in a circle and on a carpet of transcendent loveliness.

A new miracle—into her hands, outstretched in wonder and amazement, still from above the roses fell, and clung all about her shoulders and rested at last upon her golden head in a coronet of richness a queen might envy but never parallel.

Louis fell on his knee before her and kissed the edge of her mantle.

"Oh, thou beloved of God!" he said, in shaken tones of reverence and awe. "So hath He crowned thy charity! Give me, too, of thy roses, my Elizabeth."

Bending above him, the dear Elizabeth, all trembling with the glory and wonder of her miracle, drew from her bosom three roses with had there dropped and rested, and laid them in his hands. He pressed them to his lips and said to her, speaking very softly and low: "Faith, Hope, and Charity—but the greatest of these is Charity!"

Household Hints

BE YOUR OWN FURNACEMAN

Urging the importance of personal attention to their furnaces by householders this winter, the Fuel Administration for Ontario declares that 25% of the coal used in the average home can be saved by proper damper control. "Your firing line this Winter is the furnace door."

Don't trust your furnace to an itinerant old-job man. Be your own fireman. The first essential is cleanliness. One-hundredth inch of soot has the same power to resist heat as ten inches of iron. Give the heater a thorough cleaning, and stop all air leaks in furnace and fire pot. See that chimney and furnace pipes are in good repair, that ash-pit and clean out doors are tight, that smoke-pipe is not inserted too far into the chimney and is not obstructed by soot or other material. Cover all heat pipes in cellar with asbestos. Hot water and steam boilers should have a covering of asbestos or mineral wool.

CANNING CHICKENS FOR WINTER.

It is a great convenience to have some canned chicken on hand, and the work of canning is not difficult, if carried out just as for canning vegetables. Cut the meat off, pack tightly in jars, fill up with cold water, bring to a boil and boil three hours in the boiler. Screw down and keep in a cold place. Use the bones for chicken soup. If there is too much to use at once can the rest in sterilized jars and keep in a cold place.

Canadian News

Ontario

OTTAWA. — Last Thursday evening a banquet was given in honor of "Bob" Rogers, the old conservative war-horse, at Toronto, at which it became evident that the conservatives are preparing to replace the Union Government by the old conservative party. Undoubtedly they are getting ready for a break-up of the government.

Sir Clifford Sifton has resigned as Chairman of the Commission of Conservation.

Class One men under the Military Service act may be discharged, an order-in-council provides in-view of the armistice.

A revised estimate of the Canadian potato crop from figures in possession of the Canada food board shows an exportable surplus in six provinces of 28,433,000 lb. over all requirements for domestic use and seedling. Alberta, Saskatchewan and Ontario have no surplus.

TORONTO. — Police Constable Frank Williams was shot and killed in W. G. Cross' livery stable, while trying to arrest a man who gave his name as Frank McCullough.

Eleven new lawyers including three returned soldiers were called to the Bar and sworn in before Mr. Justice Rose at Osgoode Hall, Toronto.

HAMILTON. — Fire on Burlington Beach destroyed twelve houses, causing a loss of between \$30,000 and \$40,000. It is believed to have been caused by a spark from a locomotive.

STRATFORD. — The Social Democratic case against five men in Stratford and fifteen young men in Easthope, was resumed. A telegram from the Department of Justice at Ottawa stated that following the amended order-in-council, the department had no desire to proceed further against any parties whose only offence was that of being members of the Social Democrats.

SUDBURY. — While hunting in the woods near Metagama, Edgar Pellow, one of the oldest locomotive engineers on the Lake Superior division of the C.P.R., was shot and killed by his eldest son, who mistook him for a deer.

CHATHAM. — One million dollars in cash was paid out by the Dominion Sugar Co. to growers of sugar beets in Chatham district for this year's crop. The mammoth plant is turning out hundreds of tons of sugar daily.

SANDWICH. — Four colored men convicted of assaults upon little girls were sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment at hard labor in the Penitentiary at Sandwich.

Quebec

QUEBEC. — As a result of a leak in the gas main in the house, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pelchatt were found dead in their apartments. An entire family living upstairs were found unconscious but were revived by neighbors.

Terror reigns in the district around Arthabasca, d'Israeli and Victoriaville, where bandits have been creating uneasiness among the population. Some time ago a number of daring hold-ups were reported from that district. A number of business men were held up at the points of revolvers, robbed of their money and in some cases robbed of their horses and rigs and of their motor cars.

Nova Scotia

SYDNEY. — The body of the telegraph operator Baldwin, of St. Stephen, N.B., was found on a road about a mile from town. Wagon marks and hay dust on the clothing indicated that the body apparently had been previously lying in a barn. When the body was found the watch was missing and there was no money in the pockets.

For the Winter Evenings

you need something to read for yourself and your family. Keep the young folks out of questionable company, by accustoming them to stay at home in the family circle. To do so, you must provide them with innocent enjoyments at home, and one of the best and most useful of such enjoyments is the reading of

Good Stories.

If you have a parish library, do not fail to take out books regularly during the winter months. If there is no parish library in your vicinity, do not dread the expense of buying some good Catholic books. It is a good investment, better in fact than almost any other investment you can make for the comfort and pleasure of your family. Other articles, even the most expensive ones bought for the pleasure of the members of your family will soon grow old and will no longer cause the former enjoyment, but a good and interesting book is

A Joy forever.

It will be read and reread by all the members of the family and will cause new pleasure each time.

One of the best series of good Catholic stories is collected in the four volumes of

The Ebb and Flow of Life

They contain about forty good stories written by the famous Catholic author Monsignore Konrad Kummel. They were first published in the German language in 1912 and soon the call for them was so great that four editions were sold within a couple of years. These stories are now available also in the English language, having been translated by a Father of St. Bede Abbey, Peru, Ill.

During the months of October and November 1918 we have given our Readers an opportunity to see what these stories are like, by publishing one of them entitled "Man and his Illusions" as a serial in our paper. We now offer the entire set of four large volumes containing each about 440 pages, well bound in full cloth, free by mail for the low price of

Only \$5.00 for the entire set.

We can highly recommend this excellent work to persons looking about for suitable

Christmas Presents.

Either the entire work or individual volumes are suitable for such a purpose. By purchasing a set of these books, you can make four of your friends happy at Christmas.

We have only a limited number of sets of the work on hand. Intending purchasers should therefore not delay sending their orders at once. When ordering, do not fail to send the \$5.00 with the order.

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I.O.G.D. St. Peter's Bote I.O.G.D.

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ST. PETERS BOTE, MUENSTER, SASK., CANADA.

Religious News St. Peter's Colony

NEXT WEEK, being Ember Week, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday are days of fast and abstinence.

REGINA, Sask.—The Archdiocese has lost another devoted priest through the influenza in the Rev. J. B. Riou, pastor of Dollard, to which place he had been but recently appointed.

EDMONTON, Alta.—The Rev. Father Cyprian Bouleau, O.M.I., who has been laboring in the Indian Missions of the west for a quarter of a century, died at Lac la Biche recently, being the seventh Oblate who has died in Canada within a month. He was a native of France and had been ordained priest on May 17th, 1891.

WINNIPEG, Man.—The Rev. Father Henry Bock, C.S.S.R., who had adopted the Ruthenian Rite, died after a short illness on one of his missionary trips at Hubbard Sask., on Nov. 24th.

Bishop Budka of the Ruthenian Rite has learned that his former secretary, Rev. Joseph Bala, C.S.S.R., is at present at Odessa in the Ukraine. He was in a missionary school in Belgium when the war broke out and was unable to return to Canada. He then departed for Odessa at the first opportunity, to work in the missions.

MONTREAL—Bishop George Gauthier, auxiliary to Mgr. Bruchesi, has returned from a trip to France, whither he had gone last August as a delegate of the French-Canadian episcopate.

SHERBROOKE, P. O.—Bishop LaRoque celebrated the silver jubilee of his consecration on Nov. 30th.

QUEBEC—Cardinal Begin on Dec. 3rd, blessed a chime of three bells for the church at St. Marie de la Beauce.

GREAT FALLS, Mont.—The Ursuline Convent at St. Peter's Mission, was destroyed by fire recently, the loss being between \$50,000 and \$75,000. The fire was discovered about 2:30 A.M., and the sisters marched the 42 pupils out of the building with very little confusion.

BOISE CITY, Idaho.—The erection of a Catholic hospital in Nampa, at a cost of \$60,000, will be commenced within a few days.

MILWAUKEE—The golden jubilee celebration of the Sacred Heart Parish of St. Francis, will be held on Dec. 25th. When the congregation was organized it used the chapel of the St. Francis Seminary for services. In 1872 the parish built its own church.

DETROIT, Mich.—Rev. M. J. P. Dempsey, rector of the Cathedral, has been named Vicar General of the Diocese by Bishop Gallagher.

MARTINSBERG, Hungary.—The Rt. Rev. Abbot Ordinary of Martinsberg, Dr. Tiburtius Hajdu, O.S.B., died at the age of 60 years on October 24. He was born Oct. 22, 1858, had made his religious profession July 2, 1876, was ordained July 26, 1881 and had governed the Abbey and Diocese of Martinsberg since Jan. 30, 1910, when he received the abbatial benediction. He was president of the Hungar. Benedictine Congregation.

BRUNO—The beautiful new brick school is rapidly nearing completion, and it is expected that school will be held in the new building by February.

During the last couple of weeks about ten carloads of brick were unloaded at Bruno, and were hauled by the people on to the place where the new convent and Motherhouse of the Ursuline Sisters is to be erected next summer. The location picked and purchased by the Sisters is right north of the town of Bruno. Under the supervision of the Rev. Father Leo part of the excavation for the new structure was already made during the present fall. An immense quantity of sand and gravel has already been hauled on to the place. Yes, Bruno expects, in real earnest, to be a city, ere Humboldt will be able to obtain such a privilege.

The busiest man in Bruno for the last 6-8 weeks was Dr. P. Duval. He was visiting his hundreds of influenza patients day and night. Certainly, a great number of people would have succumbed to the plague, had our zealous and unflinching Dr. Duval not been here to visit the sick and give them his prudent medical advice and treatment.

WILLMONT. The influenza has been very bad in this neighborhood of late, and Father Lawrence has been kept very busy visiting the sick and burying the dead. During the last week of November six funerals were held here. They were those of Joseph Kren and his wife Mary nee Winkels, Henry Winkels and his wife Theresa nee Weiss, a young child named Mary Theresa Winkels, and John Suer, a young man aged 29 years. It is peculiarly sad that the parents of two families were taken away by the terrible malady, but it is also very consoling to note the charitable spirit of the people in our parish, who have adopted all the ten orphans left behind in the bereaved families.

PILGER—On Dec. 4th Mrs. Mary Magd. Brunen died in this congregation. She was well in the sixties. Owing to the fact that relatives from the U. S. were expected to attend at her funeral, interment was deferred until Monday of this week.

DEAD MOOSE LAKE—Mr. John Weber was visited by a terrible misfortune last week, a fire destroying his barn buildings and all of their contents. Fourteen horses and about ten head of cattle were killed by the fierce conflagration, reducing the owner of the place to a state of utmost poverty within the brief space of about one half hour.

LENORA LAKE—Mrs. Nie Britz received a telegram from the U.S. informing her that her brother Mr. Stephan Schneider has died of pneumonia following influenza.

ANNAHEIM.—The epidemic has again claimed a victim in our parish. Mr. David Gilbert Leger, a Frenchman, who had come to the Annaheim district some few months ago from Montreal and was, during the fall, helping the threshers, succumbed to the influenza Sunday, Dec. 8th, at the house of Mr. Simon Sasges, 12 miles northeast of Annaheim, where Leger had taken lodg-

ing for the winter. When the whole Sasges family was taken sick with the influenza Mr. Leger did the chores in and around the house, helping wherever his help was required. After all were well again in the house, the deceased became ill and the sickness made such rapid strides that a priest had to be called from Muenster on Saturday afternoon. Father Prior volunteered to visit the man and found him almost in a dying condition, but was still able to administer to him all the last sacraments of the Church. The deceased was about 55 years old. Very little is known of his relations and former life.

The Rev. Father Bernard has so far recovered from the attack of influenza that he is able to say Holy Mass again. Miss Anna Peters, Miss Mary Sheehan and Mrs. Specht who were taking care of Father Bernard and, likewise, contracted the disease, are also on the way to convalescence.

WATSON.—The Watson creamery building is too cold to continue in operation during the winter weather, and will be closed until the first of March.

Nomination Day in Watson passed off very quietly. All vacancies were filled by acclamation. The following are elected: Mayor: G.H. Cameron; Councilors for two years: A. E. Gregory, Alex. Ketchen, F. W. Loyus; for one year: W. F. Rea, A. C. Van Wyck, W. Wicken; Public School Trustees for two years: G.H. Cameron, A. E. Gregory, W. T. Smart; for one year: F. W. Loyus, W. Wicken; Separate School Trustees for two years: J. H. Peterman, J. H. Wilkes; for one year: J. C. Guitard, T. J. Robinson, J. L. Smith.

ST. GREGOR.—Mr. Carl Schmid was notified by the superintendent of the Military Hospital of Moose Jaw, Sask., that his son, Pte. Francis Xavier Schmid, has fallen a victim to the prevailing disease, death taking place Dec. 3rd, the namesday of the deceased. The young man was only 23 years old. His unexpected death was a great shock to his parents.

MUENSTER.—The weather of the past week was comparatively nice again, though the snow that fell at the end of November is still on the ground, despite the fact that we had a slight rain on Dec. 9th.

The following moneys were received by St. Peter's Bote during the past week: \$5.00 for the orphans from a reader at Bruno; \$5.00 for the Missions from a subscriber at Leipzig, Sask., and \$1.00 for a Holy Mass from an unknown party at Humboldt. God bless these benefactors!

During the past week the Very Rev. Father Prior had only two sickles. On Dec. 7th he was called to D.G. Leger, 12 miles north-east of Annaheim, and, on his return to the Monastery, to Peter Saretzky, a young farmer living 12 miles south of Humboldt.

HUMBOLDT.—The emergency hospital, which was opened a few weeks ago in the public school, was closed last week. Some 36 influenza patients in all were cared for in this hospital, two of which failed to recover.

When in town visit our kitchen and see how we make our candy. Humboldt Candy Kitchen.

The order which was issued on Oct. 19th, closing all public places on account of the influenza, has been raised on Dec. 4th.

Nothing will be more appreciated as a X-mas present than a box of chocolates from the Candy Kitchen at Humboldt.

Wanted a young reliable man of about 18 years to act as delivery man. Will find excellent chance to learn the store business trade. Apply or call on C. Brusler, Humboldt.

Our Candies are better, because we use nothing but the purest and richest in the making. Humboldt Candy Kitchen.

UNRESERVED AUCTION SALE

We have received instructions from Mr. Frank Somers to sell by Public Auction, without reserve, on his farm, the S.E. Qr. Sec. 36, Tp. 38, Rge. 20, W2, Four Miles S.E. of ANNAHEIM, his complete outfit of

Regist'd and Grade Cattle, Horses, Hogs, Implements, Feed, etc., also

3 Quarter Sections of Land Partly Improved

Tuesday, Dec. 17,

Commencing at 10 o'clock sharp, as follows:

57 HEAD OF CATTLE including 17 Head of the best Registered Herefords in West Canada.

- REGISTERED HEREFORDS: Cow "Sunflower", 14848, 6 yrs. old; Cow "Bessie", 17439, 6 yrs. old; Cow "Lady of Maple", 14849, 7 y. old; Bull "Improver", 15986, 5 yrs. old; Bull "Wizard 3rd", 24426, 2 yrs. old; Cow "Anna", 24425, 4 yrs. old; Cow "Anna 2nd", 24423, 4 yrs. old; Cow "Anna 3rd", 24424, 3 yrs. old; Heifer "Anna 4th", 24427, 2 yrs. old; Heifer "Anna 6th", 1 year old; Heifer "Anna 7th", 2 years old; Spring calf "Anna 8th"; Spring calf "Anna 9th"; Bull calf "Improver 1st"; Bull calf "Improver 2nd"; Bull calf "Improver 3rd"; Bull calf "Improver 4th"

- GRADE CATTLE: 17 Grade Milch Cows in calf to Registered Hereford Bull; 17 Spring Calves from Registered Bull; 2 Steers, 2 yrs. old; 2 Heifers, 2 yrs. old; 2 Yearling Heifers.

- HORSES: Matched Bay Team, Hackneys, 10 and 11 yrs. old; Brown Horse, 9 yrs., weight 1250; Brood Mare, aged, in foal; Bay Mare, 10 yrs., in foal; Gelding, 4 yrs., weight 1250; Gelding, rising 3 yrs.; Gelding, rising 2 yrs.; 2 Fillies, 2 yrs. old; Horse Colt.

- 1 Brood Sow — 8 Fat Hogs; 50 Chickens

- MACHINERY: McCormick mower; Deering rake; 2 stubble plows; 2 breaking plows; Walking plow; Oliver Gang plow; Set of Gurney scales; 2 wagons, complete; Seed drill; Disc; Buggy; 2 hay racks; Deering binder; Set of four section harrows; Cutter; Sleigh; Circular saw; Straw cutter; Grain crusher; 6 h.p. Stieckney Gas Engine; Massey-Harris binder, 8 ft.; Fanning Mill, "Kline," and bagger; Stump Puller; Complete blacksmith outfit.

- HARNESSES: 1 set Democrat harness; 3 sets Work Harness.

- FEED: 100 tons of Hay; 25 loads sheaf Oats; 80 bushels Potatoes; 200 bushels Barley; And many other articles too numerous to mention.

As Mr. Somers is giving up farming and disposing of his land, every article must go to the highest bidder without reserve.—Accommodation provided for buyers from a distance by notifying the owner. Telephone connection with Engelfeld.

FREE LUNCH served between 11 and 12 o'clock.

TERMS: On stock and implements, cash. Terms on land will be announced at time of sale. Fully paid up Victory Bonds accepted as cash. For further particulars apply to the auctioneers or owner.

FRANK SOMERS, Owner Railway Station, Engelfeld, Sask. Post Office: Annaheim, Sask.

J. A. STIRLING, Humboldt, H. MANEY, Humboldt, Auctioneers.

CORRESPONDENCES.

Dear St. Peter's Bote:—

On Dec. 5th Mr. George A. McIntyre was married to Miss Mary Quaid, Rev. Dominic Hofmann officiating; witnesses were Mr. and Mrs. Jestin. The young couple will make their home near Kermaria.

John Kiefer, who for some time past was a soldier of the U.S., is again amongst us. It would be worth while to interview John and hear some of his experiences in the Yankee army.

No more Ford for Mr. T. Gormican, he is now the happy owner of a Chevrolet.

On Dec. 7th our pastor visited his charge at Jansen and found all "Flu" patients improving. On the same day he was called to the Langevin family about 19 miles north of Watson: there he administered the Sacraments to five people, all victims of the "Flu".

The epidemic at Watson has abated; in consequence our school opened with a fairly good attendance on Tuesday last.

One more happy face walking the streets of Watson: Mrs. E. Philley received word from her husband, who was a member of the Flying Corps, that he would soon join her.

Miss Grace Manely, one of our teachers, has returned from a trip to Saskatoon and Dundurn.

Mrs. J. Hamers and her son Charles are visiting at Fr. Bernard's.

Corr. Advertise in the St. Peter's Bote!

A Sure Cure for the Sick are the wonderworking EXANTHEMATIC REMEDIES (also called BAUNSCHEIDTISM) Explanatory circulars free by mail. Can be obtained pure only from JOHN LINDEN, Specialist and sole Compounder of the only genuine and pure Exanthematic Remedy.

Office and Residence: 3888 Prospect Ave., S.E., CLEVELAND, OHIO. Letter Drawer 396. BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS AND DECEPTIONS!

For Gifts in Gold and Silver see **E. Thornberg** Watchmaker and Jeweller Issuer of Marriage Licenses. Main St., HUMBOLDT, SASK.

License to manufacture and sell Candy 11-413. **Christmas** will soon be here and the Candy Kitchen of Humboldt is getting ready for your trade. Our Home Made Candies are always fresh and delicious. We only keep the Highest grades of Chocolates. Our Fancy Chocolate Boxes are always FRESH and GUARANTEED.

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Strayed from S. W. 1/4 S. 30, Tp. 37, Rg. 26, Peterson P. O., South of Dana: One bay mare with halter, white star on forehead, about 1000 lbs., 9 yrs. old, and three colts, one about 3 yrs. old, two about 2 yrs. old, brown and black color. Finder please inform and get reward from owner Angus Geddas, Peterson P.O., Sask.

LOST Monday, Nov. 18th, Men's size dark brown FUR COAT between Hospital at Humboldt and Pilger Post Office. Finder of same will be rewarded on return. **JOHN BRUENEN, PILGER.**

FOR SALE The North Half of Sec. 25 in Tp. 37, in Range 22, West of the 2nd Meridian, 1 mile from Muenster, Sask., at a reasonable price. Intending purchasers should communicate with us at once as the offer will not be left open long. Durie & Wakeling, Solicitors. SASKATOON, SASK.

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will be sold as quick as possible.

You will also get Special low prices on Groceries.

Decisive Prices prevail during this time

We hope all that can take the opportunity should
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But at the price and the values!

REMEMBER—

“The ‘WAR’ and the ‘FLU’ are the Cause”
of me Reducing my Stock immediately.

Our own Staff will conduct this Sale at the Same Stand where Former
Sales took place. Many Extra Special Bargains during this Sale.

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ONE BY ONE.

One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going,
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each,
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
Do not fear an armed band;
One will fade as others greet thee,
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow,
See how small each moment's pain,
God will help thee for tomorrow,
So each day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
When each gem is set with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond;
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token,
Reaching heaven, but one by one,
Take them, lest the chain be broken,
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR

THE ADVENT SPIRIT.

The advent season, with its lesson, its promise, its beautiful fulfillment in Christmas, and its deep Christian symbolism, is familiar to us all, yet perhaps on account of the fact that its main features are familiar, its greater meaning escapes us.

During these days we are preparing ourselves in prayer and meditation for that great Feast which is such a revelation "to men of good will," such an outpouring of spiritual and material clarity and kindness. But if we consider Advent in the proper spirit, we realize that it means far more than the coming of the anniversary of our Lord's Birth: it prefigures and reminds us of His coming to settle the affairs of this world and to reward the just.

There is always a danger that we may unconsciously lose sight of this spiritual significance of the Advent time. Of late since Christmas has become the great popular holiday of the year generous-minded souls irrespective of religion and sometimes without any care or thought about religion at all, are excited to a thoughtfulness to which they are strangers at other times.

But while according all due credit to those sentiments and the good they do, we must not forget that they are not necessarily Christian sentiments, that in the main they confine themselves to material things and material giving. Good cheer and good feeling may be religious or not as the case may be, but we Catholics should not mistake all this for the real Christmas spirit, which is an entirely different and higher influence.

Now especially, when the world has been writhed in the agonies of war and its consequences, when the amount of actual suffering, want and despair on the other side of the Atlantic is almost incalculable, when mankind is in groaning and travail waiting for the day when a just and lasting peace will come, we have all the more reason to enter into the true realization of what Advent means.

With what terrible clearness the peoples whose homes are destroyed and whose families are dead or scattered, who are prisoners or suffering for the plain, simple things that keep body and soul together

and they will never be rekindled." Little did this Masonic boaster know of the ways of God. In France capable and deserving men were blocked and worthless adventurers were promoted and kept in office by the unscrupulous Masonic cabal. And even in the army, on which the safety of the country depends, this unpatriotic institution exerted its baneful power. On one fateful day, when the national existence of France was at a critical stage, the Commander in chief was compelled to dismiss no fewer than 130 incapable or traitorous generals, who were placed in command by the Masonic Government. And now the French army is led by men who have won their honors on the field, Foch and Petain, and Castelnau, who were kept in subordinate posts because their uncompromising Catholicism prevented them from joining the Freemasons. The Italian Government, through no love of Catholicism, was also compelled to decree, years before the War broke out, that no soldier can be a Freemason.

And what does the world—even the Masonic world—think of the Catholic who forsakes his faith to join the Order? Just as it thinks of the wretched disciple who sold his Master for thirty pieces of silver. He cannot even advance in his defense the Protestant ideal of brotherhood; but he stands exposed as the mean aspirant for money or place, which he has not the manliness to earn by honest labor. Before his Catholic friends he hides his shamed head, not daring to acknowledge his new associates. In the face of decent Protestants he feels humiliated by the unspoken confession of his unworthy objects. The Protestant Freemason looks upon the recreant Catholic with contempt, veiled, it may be, by patronizing affability. He has brought shame to the faith of his honest father and cannot turn in loyal confidence to the memory of his self-sacrificing mother. And, in the end, the poor wretch feels the futility of it all, for he has lost the substance and grasped at the shadow. He has gained nothing, for we say without fear of contradiction that no Catholic Freemason has ever gained a position by his apostasy which he could not attain by honest assiduity. There is no need in this bounteous country for any man to cringe for patriotism. The cringer is marked by the Masons, and the limit to which they will help him is law. Burdened by the knowledge that he has betrayed his God, distrusted by the old friends and despised by the new, there is no happiness for him, unless he flings off the shackles of cowardice and returns to the fold, where his return to manliness and honesty will be welcome.

Sir Walter Scott must surely have been thinking of such a man when he wrote the scathing lines: "Despite those titles, power and pelf, The wretch, centered all in self, Living, shall forfeit fair renown, And, doubly dying, shall go down To the vile dust, from which he sprang, Unwept, unhonored and unsung."

FREEMASONRY AND CATHOLICS

There are Catholics to be found who assert that the opposition of the Church to Freemasonry is based on misapprehension. Its high-sounding platitudes about the brotherhood of man and toleration towards all forms of religion appeal to men who are quite ignorant of Masonic history and incapable of judging Masonic principles. They pay no heed to the statement of the convert, Sir Francis Burnand, who says, from his own knowledge, that "Logically no Christian can be a Freemason unless he be a sort of hedging Christian"; or to the no less explicit declaration of the English Protestant Chief Justice Lilly, that "no man can administer justice and be a Freemason." It should be sufficient for the Catholic to know that every Pontiff in turn has condemned the association from its very inception, two centuries ago, and that it has also been banned by the civil authorities in many of the European States. But in order that no misconception may remain as to the nature of the institution, we are in a position to judge it from the official statements of its own leaders.

Freemasonry, in the language of Mackey, its recognized exponent, is "a complete system of morality veiled in symbols." What do Catholics, who have the revelation of Christ, want with another system of morality? Its morality is not Christian, for Albert Pike declares that "there is but one true religion, one legitimate belief, and that is Freemasonry." And Mackey adds that "it contains everything that the soul of man requires." Freemasonry has its altars, its chaplains, its prayers, and its ritual; and from a religious point of view alone, cannot be accepted by Catholics, except through an act of apostasy. Its objective in Europe was well expressed by the French Masonic Minister, Viviani, when the society had banished Catholic teaching from the schools: "We have extinguished the lights of heaven,

and they will never be rekindled." Little did this Masonic boaster know of the ways of God. In France capable and deserving men were blocked and worthless adventurers were promoted and kept in office by the unscrupulous Masonic cabal. And even in the army, on which the safety of the country depends, this unpatriotic institution exerted its baneful power. On one fateful day, when the national existence of France was at a critical stage, the Commander in chief was compelled to dismiss no fewer than 130 incapable or traitorous generals, who were placed in command by the Masonic Government. And now the French army is led by men who have won their honors on the field, Foch and Petain, and Castelnau, who were kept in subordinate posts because their uncompromising Catholicism prevented them from joining the Freemasons. The Italian Government, through no love of Catholicism, was also compelled to decree, years before the War broke out, that no soldier can be a Freemason.

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OBSTACLES TO CANADIAN UNITY

In an editorial under this heading the Toronto Star takes to task in a very shuffling way the contention of the Orange Sentinel that the dual language and two sets of schools are the great obstacles to national unity in Canada. The Star, whilst seemingly contradicting, is in reality admitting the contention of the organ which is the great obstacle to Canadian unity and which would die in a month were such unity established. Separate schools are in its opinion a sad stumbling block in the way of national unity and the evil is aggravated by the fact that Quebec

is French and Catholic. The Star concedes that these are indeed regrettable, breathes a wish that they might have been prevented ere they grew to their present proportions, but maintains that now they must be tolerated and our best efforts put forward to achieve national unity despite the grave handicap they constitute.

The cause of national unity will not be promoted by writing of the type just given. In the first place no attempt is made to define what is meant by national unity. Does this mean that we must all speak the same language, go to the same schools, attend the same churches, wear the same clothes, dwell in the same type of houses? If national uniformity, which which The Star confounds national unity, is sought, then the programme of the same in everything is the only logical one to adopt. This in fact was the aim of the Neros and Demitians of the Roman Empire. The former wished that the Roman people had but one head so that he could strike it off. Such has been the aim of despots at all times.

The Canadian Unity for which the Orange Sentinel strives and towards which The Star casts long glances could be achieved only by the most remorseless despotism, and then would collapse by its own rottenness. It was not duality of language or Separate Schools that brought about the downfall of Babylon and of Imperial Rome. As far as we know there was singular unity of language and religion and morals in the cities now covered by the waters of the Dead Sea. The Orange Sentinel would find its ideal of Canadian Unity there. Whereas in patriotic Switzerland where every man is a trained soldier there are at least three official languages within its small compass and several creeds dwell together on terms of perfect equality in a spirit of splendid national unity.

If we could have one language and one faith founded upon perfectly honest conviction it would be well. Such a thing, however, would demand conditions which can be found only in Heaven, in which neither the Orange Sentinel nor The Star is vitally interested. An attempt to bring about such a thing here would only result in the making of a good imitation of hell.

Queries and Answers

What must a non-Catholic promise if he wishes to marry a Catholic?

He must promise in the presence of witnesses and the priest that he will consider the marriage bond as indissoluble except by death; that he will not interfere with the Catholic party in the free exercise of religion; that all the children who may be born of the union will be raised in the Catholic faith; and that there will be no other ceremony than that before the priest.

Is it true that Luther wished to die a Catholic?

There is absolutely no ground to believe that Luther ever showed the slightest signs of repentance. His first act, as he predicted and prayed for, was an attack on the Papacy. Summoned to Eisleben, his native place, to act as arbiter in a contention between two brothers, death came with unexpected speed but not suddenly. He died in the presence of a number of friends and, as far as history shows, gave no sign of repentance.

May a Roman Catholic go to Communion in a Greek Church?

Ordinarily it is forbidden by the discipline of the Church for a Roman Catholic to go to Communion in a Greek Catholic Church. Catholics of the Latin rite are required to receive the Sacraments from priests of their own rite.

Are the hosts used at Mass always round in form?

The Rubrics order that the altar bread used at Mass shall be round. The practical and symbolic reasons for this are explained in the Catholic Encyclopedia: "From the earliest days the hosts in the Latin Church were of circular form. This form was adopted because the hosts could be more easily handled, and because the circle, being the most perfect figure, and symbolic of infinity, most suitably represents the Presence of Him, Who by His eternity, immensity, love and the merits of His Sacrifice, is infinite."

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Tobaccos, Cigars,
Candies, Ice Cream and Fruits.
P. J. Kiefer, Cudworth, Sask.

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Best service always guaranteed.


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A. V. LENZ, ST. GREGOR, SASK.

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A. H. PILLA, MUENSTER

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can be had at
Pitzel's Meat Market
The place where you get the best and at satisfactory prices.
WE BUY Cattle, Hogs, Sheep and Poultry. If you have them to sell, let us know, we pay highest prices.

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Applications for Citizenship prepared
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HUMAN LIFE
A LITERARY CURIOSITY—THE POETS' "ESSAY ON MAN."
PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

In man we various passions find,
The power of thought, the magic of the mind.
Big with false hopes and eager after gain,
Quick to receive and steadfast to retain.
Whilst hope and joy cloudless and soft appear,
Keap on and swerve not in thy high career.
No more with reason and thyself at strife,
There are a thousand joyful things in life.
On things that fail reed upon reed we lean;
Pleasures lie thickest where no pleasures seem.
In poetry the loftiest mood of mind—
In different individuals we find.
Mankind are various as the world is wide,
Rich without wealth and famous without pride.
How many are on reckless follies bent,
To lose good days that might be better spent.
Time comes stealing on by night and day,
Sooner or later all things pass away.
The rolling years with constant motion run,
Until the setting of our life-day's sun.
Enough for virtue is her own applause,
Earth, sea, heaven, hell, are subject unto laws.
Our own felicity we make or find,
But what a puzzle is our serious mind.
Man thou offspring of corrupting clay,
Stupendous monument of calm decay.
O, vain to seek delight in earthly things,
Princes and Lords are but the breath of Kings.
Prince and peasant in cold earth both lie,
Man was only born that he may die.
O happiness, a fleeting meteor thou,
Our now is gone before we can say now.
Vain man is but a speck of speaking dust,
And what thou canst not fathom learn to trust.
We grasp at shadows and the form is gone,
Come my best friends—my books—and lead me on.
O glorious privilege to think and read,
And Homer will be the only book you need.
Wealth may seek us but wisdom must be bought,
Genius must be born, it never can be taught.
Be ye not blindly guided by the throng,
The heart does live ten regions from the tongue.
All hunt for fame, but most mistake the way,
Up the vague stream of probability.
O what a mockery is this dream of fame,
If I one soul improve, I have not lived in vain.
Good to thyself, and in thyself to all,
What rage for fame attends both great and small.
Love not the world, its artifices beware,
For after joy there oftentimes cometh care.
Dim shadows flit across the stream of time,
Nor way nor weather will be always fine.
When soft compassion glows as in the skies,
I see the form of other days arise.
So were my eyes intoxicated with the view,
Of the fair scene the God of beauty drew.
The visions of hope fly one by one,
How vain to lament o'er days that are gone.
All have intervals of sadness and joy,
Take life as it is, 'tis folly to sigh,
How nearly joy and sorrow are allied,
What then is here to flatter human pride.
Perplexed with thought and tortured with despair,
Where'er I wander, sorrow still is there.

WHOOPIING COUGH

Whooping Cough occurs in epidemics, which vary greatly in severity, some being mild and others severe. The disease is carried from person to person by the secretions from the mouth and nose and is most infectious during the early stages, but the patient can be a source of infection, as long as the characteristic cough lasts, which may be from six weeks to three months. It is very important that all discharges from the throat and nose be received in rags and immediately burned, so that the infection cannot be spread to others.

All persons are susceptible to whooping cough, but the age of greatest susceptibility is six months to five years. It is extremely fatal in children under one year, therefore it is very important that babies be kept away from all persons who have coughs. One attack confers immunity and it is extremely rare for any person to have a second.

The disease begins with an ordinary cough, which may last from a few days to two weeks; then the characteristic paroxysmal cough sets in, the child has spells of severe coughing, gets red or blue in the face, the eyes water and get red and there is a "whooping" sound when the breath is drawn in. In severe fits of coughing, vomiting follows. Mild cases may not have the characteristic "whoop" and are a means of spreading the disease. In the treatment of whooping cough, pertussis vaccine, when used in sufficiently large quantities, early in the disease, has been found to be of considerable value.

The dangerous nature of whooping cough is not realized by the public generally. There is a high mortality from it under five years of age due to complications and diseases of the chest which are the direct result of whooping cough.

The disease usually develops about two weeks after exposure to the infection, and it is necessary that the patient should be ISOLATED AT THE FIRST SIGN OF COUGH, as it is in the early catarrhal stage that the disease is most infectious. It is not necessary to keep him entirely indoors, but he should not be allowed to take exercise where there are other people, or go to any public place. Patients should not be allowed out of isolation until the cough has entirely ceased. The regulations of the Bureau of Public Health requires isolation for eight weeks after the development of the disease or until one week after the last characteristic cough. Persons living in the same house need not be isolated unless in contact with the patient.

The control of whooping cough is in the hands of the public; parents must be taught to look upon it as a serious disease with a high death rate in children, and to carefully isolate children suffering from it and avoid contact with all having coughs.

—The Sask. Rural Educational Monthly.

weight and that its weight is equivalent to that of a vertical column of water 32 feet high he could explain the observed phenomenon satisfactorily. He reasoned that if the atmosphere could support a 32-foot column of water it should support a column of mercury about 32-inches high since mercury is about 13½ times heavier than water.

He determined to put the thing to a practical test and accordingly sealed one end of a glass tube about four feet long and about one-fourth inch in diameter, and filled it with mercury. Then, placing his finger over the open end, he inverted the tube in an open vessel containing mercury. Immediately after his finger was withdrawn from the open end of the tube the mercury sank until the top of the column was about 30 inches above the surface of the mercury in the open vessel, creating an almost perfect vacuum in the sealed end of the tube. This is now called the Torricellian vacuum and the experiment is known as the Torricellian experiment.

Though some physicists of that day objected to Torricelli's conclusions that the atmosphere had weight and that the pressure exerted by it was equivalent to the pressure of a 2-foot vertical column of water or a 30 inch vertical column of mercury, further investigation and study by himself and others confirmed their correctness and they were at length generally approved and accepted.

In 1651, about six years after Torricelli's experiment, Ferri discovered that the height of the column of mercury in the glass tube varies with the weather, rising in the tube when the air is dry and falling when the air is moist and consequently lighter. Experience has since shown that a rapidly rising barometer presages settled weather and a rapid fall stormy weather; by taking account of the winds, temperature and other conditions the barometer is now used in forecasting weather conditions.

The word "barometer" is of Greek origin, being compounded of "baros," meaning weight, and "metron," meaning measure.

In 1665 Boyle, the celebrated Irish philosopher suggested that the barometer could be used for measuring the height of mountains since it had been proved that atmospheric pressure varies with the altitude, gradually increasing from sea level toward higher altitudes.

For delicate operations, such as determining elevations, the scale of the instrument is usually furnished with a vernier which makes the readings considerably more accurate. Provisions are also made for special adjustments made necessary when the instrument is carried and for taking readings under varying conditions. The modern mercurial instrument, however, is the same in principle as the apparatus used by Torricelli in his original experiment.

A common form of barometer depends for its action on the change in form of a thin metallic vessel partially exhausted of air. This is called the aneroid barometer, because it does not contain or make use of a fluid. At the center of the upper surface of the metallic box from which most of the air has been drawn out a small pillar is attached and this is connected at its upper end to a strong spring. As the top of the box rises or falls with differences in the atmospheric pressure, its motion is communicated to this pillar and transmitted through levers and other devices to an indicator which moves over a dial, graduated by comparison with a mercurial barometer.

Prayer against Epidemic Diseases.

(Approved for the Diocese of Prince Albert by Bishop Pascal, O. M. I., on August 30, 1918, and endowed with an Indulgence of 50 days, which can be gained once a day by the Faithful within the said diocese.)

Antiphon. Remember, o Lord, thy covenant and say to the destroying angel: Now hold thy hand, that the earth may not be desolated, and do not destroy every living soul.

Lord have mercy on us. Christ have mercy on us. Lord have mercy on us.

Our Father (silently).
V. And lead us not into temptation.
R. But deliver us from evil.
V. The Lord sent his word and healed them.
R. And delivered them from their death.
V. Let the mercies of the Lord give glory to him.
R. And his wonderful works to the children of men.
V. Lord, remember not our former iniquities.
R. Let thy mercies speedily prevent us.
V. Help us, o God, our saviour.
R. And for the glory of thy name, o Lord, deliver us.
V. Forgive us, O Lord, our sins.
R. And deliver us for thy name's sake.
V. Hear, O Lord, my prayer.
R. And let my cry come to thee.
V. The Lord be with you. R. And with thy spirit.

LET US PRAY.
O God who dost not desire the death, but the repentance of sinners, through the intercession of the blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God, look propitiously upon thy people returning to thee, that thou, whilst it remains attached to thee, mayest graciously remove from it the scourge of thy wrath. Through the same Christ our Lord.

ORATIO CONTRA PESTILENTIAM.

Antiph. Recordare, Domine, testamenti tui, et die Angelo percutienti: Cesset jam manus tua, et non desoletur terra, et ne perdas omnem animam viventem.

Kyrie eleison. Christe eleison. Kyrie eleison.
Pater noster (secreto).
V. Et ne nos inducas in tentationem.
R. Sed libera nos a malo.
V. Misit Dominus verbum suum, et sanavit eos.
R. Et eripuit eos de morte eorum.
V. Confiteantur Domino misericordiam ejus.
R. Et mirabilia ejus filiis hominum.
V. Domine, ne memineris iniquitatum nostrarum antiquarum.
R. Cito anticipent nos misericordiam tuam.
V. Adjuva nos, Deus salutaris noster.
R. Et propter gloriam nominis tui, Domine, libera nos.
V. Propitius esto peccatis nostris, Domine.
R. Et libera nos propter nomen tuum.
V. Domine, exaudi orationem meam.
R. Et clamor meus ad te veniat.
V. Dominus vobiscum. R. Et cum spiritu tuo.

Oremus.
Deus, qui non mortem, sed penitentiam desideras peccatorum; per intercessionem beate Dei genitricis, virginis Mariæ, populum tuum ad te revertentem propitius respice: ut, dum tibi devotus existit, iracundie tue flagella ab eo elementer amoveas. Per eundem Christum Dominum nostrum.

Approbatur pro nostra diocesi. Concedimus indulgentiam 50 dierum semel in die lucrandam fidelibus hanc preces infra fines nostre diocesis pie recitantibus.

IMPRIMATUR. ALBERTUS, O. M. I.,
Die 30 Augusti, 1918. Episcopus Principis Alberti.

Gebet gegen epidemische Krankheiten.

(Von Bischof Pascal, O. M. I., am 30. August 1918, gutgeheissen für die Diözese Prince Albert und mit einem Ablauf von 50 Tagen versehen, der täglich einmal innerhalb der genannten Diözese von den Gläubigen gemommen werden kann.)

Antiphon. Gedente, o Herr, deines Bundes und befehle deinem strafenden Engel: Halte jetzt ein deine Hand, auf daß die Erde nicht verödet werde, und tote nicht jede lebende Seele.

Herr erbarme dich unser! Christus erbarme dich unser! Herr erbarme dich unser!

Vater unser (leise).
V. Und führe uns nicht in Versuchung.
R. Sondern erlöse uns von dem Uebel.
V. Der Herr sandte aus sein Wort und heilte sie.
R. Und entziff sie ihrem Uebel.
V. Sie sollen danken dem Herrn für seine Barmherzigkeit.
R. Und für seine Wunder unter den Menschenknechten.
V. O Herr, gedente nicht unserer alten Missetaten.
R. Laß eilends uns zuvorkommen deine Barmherzigkeit.
V. Hilf uns, Gott, unser Heiland.
R. Und um der Ehre deines Namens willen erlöse uns.
V. Sei gnädig unseren Sünden, o Herr.
R. Und befreie uns um deines Namens willen.
V. Herr, erhöhe mein Gebet.
R. Und laß mein Klagen zu dir kommen.
V. Der Herr sei mit euch.
R. Und mit deinem Geiste.

Lasset uns beten!

O Gott, der du nicht den Tod, sondern die Bußfertigkeit des Sünders willst: durch die Fürbitte der allerheiligsten Gottesgebärdin und Jungfrau Maria befähigt, blicke herab auf dein Volk, welches sich wieder zu dir wendet, auf daß du, während es dir getreu bleibt, die Weisheit deines Bornes barmherzig von ihm abwendest. Durch denselben Christum unsern Herrn.

SPARKS FROM THE ANVIL
(Special for St. Peter's Bote.)

In the evening, when the days work is done, and the events of the day pass in review before me, recalling the bright shower of sparks which fell from the anvil, I send up an earnest prayer to the Father in Heaven that these sparks may kindle a flame to light some foot-sore, weary wanderer on life's way,—showing him his duty to God and fellow-man.

—No dead mechanism moves the stars or lifts the tides or calls the flowers from their sleep. Truly this is the garment of Deity, and here is the awful splendor of the Perpetual Presence.

—The sweetest happiness we ever know, the very wine of human life, comes not from love but from sacrifice,—from the effort to forget ourselves so as to make others happy.

—Profound knowledge of some matters is often accompanied by crass ignorance of others.

—To attack other men's faults is to do the devil's work; to do God's work is to attend to our own.

—Prayer is the wing wherewith the soul flies to heaven, and meditation the eye wherewith we see God.

—Better late than never is not half so good a maxim as "Better never late."

—There is a very expressive Scotch proverb to the effect that "if ye gang a year wi' a cripple, ye'll limp at the end o't." And it has been very well said, "Though the fire of bad company should not burn you, yet its smoke will be sure blacken you."

—The world everywhere gives cordial welcome to those who can amuse it. It is even truer that all people bear a grudge against those who decline to laugh.

—No man's reputation is safe in the keeping of the majority of our daily papers.

—To be charged with crime is not the same as to be convicted of crime, much less is it the same as to be guilty of crime.

—Do not neglect to think of your boy. If you do not look after him in the right way, some one will do it in the wrong way. Begin now!

—The Golden Rule of life will be found in the Ten Commandments. They are short. They have survived the ages. They stand today unchanged and unchallenged. They comprise the first great written law of God to man. Before these few commandments all men-made laws fade into insignificance.

Toricelli's Invention, The Barometer.

Before the time of Galileo, the distinguished Italian physicist, the action of suction pumps had been noted by philosophers who sought to explain it by the hypothesis that "nature abhors a vacuum." When Galileo came to study the question he observed that the suction pump as ordinarily constructed would not raise water beyond 32 feet and this conclusion he suggested to his pupil, Evangelista Torricelli, now remembered as the inventor of the barometer and also a mathematician of note.

Toricelli saw that if it could be proved that the atmosphere has

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The Big Sacrifice Sale of RABINOVITCH & KAPLAN, HUMBOLDT

is going along at a merry clip. Hundreds of people have taken advantage of this Money Saving Opportunity and although we have disposed of Thousands of Dollars worth of Merchandise, we have many Thousands yet to dispose of. For the next 8 days of this Big Sacrifice Sale we are making Extra Special Cut Prices on many lines of Winter Goods that you need, and that you can not afford to do without at these Extra Cut Prices. Come and see these wonderful Money Saving Bargains. We cannot mention one Quarter of them in this space, so come and see what a real Sale is like. Every article in the Store at a Cut Price. We defy Mail Order Competition.

The Dominion Sales Co., Moose Jaw, now selling one half of this \$30,000 Stock for RABINOVITCH & KAPLAN, HUMBOLDT, SASK.

Sale closes Dec. 22nd.

Produce taken in Exchange: Eggs 60c, Butter 50c.

Sale closes Dec. 22nd.

Dry Goods	Dry Goods	GROCERY SPECIALS.	Bargains in Men's Wear	Men's and Ladies' Footwear
Grey Flannel, for Men's Shirts or Children's Underwear, reg. 60c. Sale Price yd. 45c	A heavy striped cotton tweed for Men's Shirts or Overalls, reg. 60c. Sale Price yd. 40c	Black Tea, Best Brand, reg. 70c. Sale Price 55c	MEN'S HOSE, a good, heavy work sock, reg. 50c. Sale Price 3 Pair 1.00	MEN'S SHOES, Button Gun Metal Shoes, reg. 7.50. Bargain Price 4.95
Black Denim, for Overalls etc., reg. 60c. 45c	A Big Assortment of Dress Gingham in stripes and checks, fast colors, reg. 35c. S. Pr. yd. 22c	Mixed Pickles, 1 gall. jars, reg. 1.95. Sale 1.55	Black Wool Socks, heavy ribbed, reg. 60c. 3 1.25	Box Calf, Blucher Style, reg. 6.50. Sale Pr. 4.35
Prints, a big selection, light grounds, regular 30c. Sale Price yd. 19c	Apron Gingham, in small checks, plain or border, 36 to 40 in. wide, reg. 35c. Sale Price yd. 25c	Pickles, Libby's mixed, reg. 30c bottle. Sale Price 5 for 79c	Pure worsted Socks, reg. 90c. Sale Price pair 69c	Tan Work Shoes, reg. 6.25. Sale Price 5.15
Dark ground Prints, including blues, regular 35c. Sale Price yd. 22c	Wrapperettes, in small designs for Children's dresses, assorted colors, reg. 40c. S. Pr. yd. 27c	Pork and Beans in Sauce, reg. 25c. Sale Price 19c	Work Socks, reg. 45c. Sale Price 3 pair 95c	Fine Chocolate Shoes, Neolin Soles, Rubber Heels, reg. 8.00. Sale Price 6.50
36 in. Prints, a heavy Quality that will wear like leather, assorted colors and designs, reg. 40c. Sale Price yd. 27c	Fancy Dress Voiles, in assorted colors, reg. 30c. Sale Price yd. 19c	Coffee, Best Brands, reg. 60c. Sale Price 50c	Heavy all wool Socks, reg. 85c. for 69c	Fine Box Calf, Reg. 8.00. Sale Price 5.95
Kimona Cloth, with fancy border, in shades of grey, blue and pink, reg. 35c. Sale Price 25c	Blanket Cloth in small check, suitable for Sport Coat, 54 in. wide, reg. 2.75. Sale Price yd. 1.95	Salt, 50 lb. bags, reg. 1.00. Sale Price 89c	WORK SHIRTS, Khaki Drill, reg. 1.25. Sale 85c	Heavy Work Shoes, a Bargain for a Big Man. Sizes 10 only, reg. 6.00. Sale Price 2.75
Blanket Cloth in small check, suitable for Sport Coat, 54 in. wide, reg. 2.75. Sale Price yd. 1.95	Striped Bed Ticking, in good quality, reg. 45c. Sale Price 32c	Baking Powder, 1 lb. reg. 30c. Sale Price 19c	Tweed Shirts, reg. 1.85. Sale Price 1.40	Buckskin Moccasins, reg. 2.95. Sale Price 2.45
Striped Bed Ticking, in good quality, reg. 45c. Sale Price 32c	Striped Flannelette, in heavy weight, suitable for warm undershirts, reg. 95c. Sale Price yd. 69c	Corn Flakes, reg. 15c. 11c	Flannel Shirts, in blue and gray, reg. 1.85. 1.35	Horse Hide " " " 3.75. " " 2.95
Striped Flannelette, in heavy weight, suitable for warm undershirts, reg. 95c. Sale Price yd. 69c	Roller Towelling, with red border, reg. 22c. Sale Price 7 yds for 1.00	Oranges, Doz. reg. 1.25. 75c	Black and white Drill Work Shirts, reg. 1.75 to 1.95. Sale Price each 1.39	Best Buckskin " " " 3.75. " " 3.15
Roller Towelling, with red border, reg. 22c. Sale Price 7 yds for 1.00	Cotton Bedroom Towels, reg. 40c. Sale Pr. yd. 29c	Lemons, Doz. reg. 1.00. 70c	CLOTHING, Heavy Tweed Suits, good and warm and splendid wearing quality, reg. 19.50. Sale Price 12.50	Men's Overshoes in Best Quality, Rolled Edge, reg. 2.95. Sale Price 2.50
Cotton Bedroom Towels, reg. 40c. Sale Pr. yd. 29c		Corn Starch, reg. 15c. pkg. 10c	reg. 22.00. " " 17.50	2 Buckle, reg. 3.95. " " 3.45
		Jelly Powder, reg. 15c. Sale Price pkg. 9c	Serges and worsteds, reg. 27.50. " " 19.50	3 " " 4.65. " " 4.00
		Seedless Raisins, reg. 17c. pkg. 11c	" " worsteds, reg. 32.50. " " 22.50	Men's Heavy All Felt Shoes, reg. 4.25. Sale Pr. 3.35
		Biscuits, Fancy mixed, reg. 30c. 17c	Overcoats, heavy Chinchilla Cloth, reg. 22.50. Sale Price 17.50	" Felt and Leather Shoes, reg. 5.25. Sale 4.35
			reg. 35.00. " " 26.50	" " Shoes, Leather Toes, reg. 3.75. Sale 2.95
			Black Fur Coats, reg. 40.00. " " 27.95	LADIES' All Felt Shoes, reg. 3.75. Sale Pr. 2.95
			reg. 42.50. " " 29.95	" " Boots, " 3.35. " " 2.75
			Black Cloth Coats, with Fur Collars, reg. 35.00. Sale Price 26.50	GIRLS' Felts, with Leather Toes, Sizes 11 to 2, reg. 3.00. Sale Price 2.25
			MACKINAWs, in assorted colors and patterns, reg. 9.00. Sale Price 7.95	CHILDREN'S Felts, reg. 2.25. " " 1.85
			reg. 11.00. " " 8.95	" " " 2.00. " " 1.65
			reg. 15.00. " " 12.45	LADIES' SHOES, Gun Metal Laced Shoes, reg. 5.50. Sale Price 3.95
			reg. 16.50. " " 13.95	High Top Shoes, High Heel, reg. 6.00. Bargain Price 4.65
			MEN'S PANTS, made of good wearing Tweeds, reg. 3.00. Sale Price 2.25	High Top Chocolate Shoes, very dressy, Neolin Soles, Rubber Heels, reg. 9.00. Bargain 6.75
			reg. 4.00. Sale Price 2.95	Fine Kip, Patent Toe, reg. 5.50. Sale Price 3.95
			Heavy all wool Tweed, reg. 6.00. " " 4.25	Cloth Top, Patent Kip, reg. 4.50. Bargain 1.95
			Corduroy, best quality, reg. 6.50. " " 4.95	MISSSES' Lace Kip Shoes, Pat. Toes, Size 11 to 2, reg. 3.50. Sale Price 2.60
			SWEATERS, heavy grey, reg. 3.75. Sale 2.15	Misses' Gun Metal Shoes, reg. 3.95. Sale Pr. 3.35
			Reg. \$5.25 Quality, assorted colors, Sale 3.95	GIRLS' School Shoes, reg. 2.75. Sale Price 2.15
			Heavy Double knit Sweaters, reg. 5.75. Sale 3.35	Box Calf Shoes, 8 to 10 1/2, reg. 2.75. Sale Pr. 2.25
			Heavy Sweaters, reg. 7.25. Sale Price 4.75	BOYS' SHOES, Box Calf, Sizes 1 to 5, reg. 4.00. Special at 2.69
			MEN'S CAPS, in fancy tweeds, reg. up to 2.75. Sale Price 1.95	Sizes 8 to 10, reg. 2.75. Sale Price 1.75
			reg. 1.75. " " 1.35	Now is the time to buy Hosiery.
			UNDERWEAR, Heavy ribbed wool fleeced, reg. 5.75. Sale Price per Suit 4.25	Ladies' Lisle Hose, reg. 50c. Sale Price 3prs. 1.00
			Heavy ribbed wool, reg. 1.95. Sale Price each 1.45	Silk Hose, in shades of grey, champagne, blue and black and green stripes, reg. 1.25. Sale Price 69c
			reg. 2.35. " " 1.85	Silk Boot Hose, in nice quality and good black, reg. 70c. Sale Price 45c
			Plain Knit underwear, reg. 1.50. Sale Price 95c	Wool Hose, a heavy all wool ribbed hose, reg. 55c to 1.20. Sale Price 45 to 89c
			Fleeced underwear, best make, reg. 1.25. Sale 95c	Children's fine ribbed Hose, reg. 40c. Sale Pr. 25c
			Combinations, Heavy ribbed wool, reg. 4.25. Sale Price per Suit 3.35	reg. 30c quality, Sale Price 17c
			" " 5.00. " " " 3.95	Silk Blouses in white and pink, reg. 3.50. Sale Price 2.45

Dry Goods

Dry Goods

GROCERY SPECIALS.

Bargains in Men's Wear

Men's and Ladies' Footwear

Blankets, Comforters etc.

Fancy Glassware

Mitts and Gloves